Princess Superstar, Year Two Thousand

(feat. John Forte)

Princess Superstar's year to make a million
Women and men scream and cry through the millennium
All up in 'em comin off like
Deep impact in your drawers because
This hoochie mommy's booty
Makes Donald Trump look poor
Like Dionne Warwick
I'll predict your future trick super kicks
You will listen to this
Buy this, 95 cents a damn minute
Admit it, when you were on monkey bars
You thought there'd be candy bars,
Marquee stars
Emblazoned up with your name in it
Maybe you need to shoot me into outer space
Cuz I don't belong here
Not in this place not in this atmosphere
You can take your Palm air Range Rover
Bitch Plastic tit politics
And pay it in ducats to the Corrupt Conglomerate
Fuck it!
I Don't need to party like it's 1999
Cuz by that time, the next day at 9:00
That kid'll be working for me bright and early
Waxin for me, Filin taxes for me-- suckin dick for me
What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?
Are you where you wanna be?
2G, Kick it off
I was gonna be a scientist with more dough
Marilyn Monroe to kids mansion & hi rise co condo mondo
Fresh pond in the backyard
High gates and attack guard
Now look on my card (what's it say?)
Bitch in charge of shit at my big dick day job
I got more leg than any legacy to leave
But I got my head, and peeps and me got plenty Hennessy to pee
Please call Nasa bring my ass back to your planet
See I am something I never thought, never even dreamed I'd be
Princess Superstar
And at 2G When ya gonna be what you wanna be
When ya gonna be what you really want to be?
What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?
Are you where you wanna be?
2G, Kick it off
(You'll have to ask John Forte the dope shit he kicked next!)